Vol. V. Numb. 8.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of Drunkenneſs; *the Effects of it. Of a Fellow ſent for a* Soldier *becauſe he Lov'd Strong-Beer. Of ſome Fellows ſent to* Sea *for Stealing Iron Hoops. Remarks on the* Rehearſal; *with a Story from* Stepney.

From Wednesday April the 10th, to Saturday April the 13th, 1706.

Obſ. HOneſt *Country-man*, what Topicks are we to be upon this Bout?

Country-m. Maſter, upon the Topick of *October*. I think we had better Drink than Write, 'tis far more ſafe. The Topers never meet with any Trouble; ſome times they fall down Stairs, break their Shins, or rowl Home in the Dirt, that's the greateſt miſchief that befalls 'em; and the worſt is, paying a few Shillings, or Sitting a few Hours in the Stocks, if they are brought before Mr. *Juſtice*.

Obſ. But, *Country-man*, you and I, who pretend to Inſtruct the Common People, ſhould ſet better Examples. If our Practice be not anſwerable to our Preſcriptions, we ſhall never convince Mankind of the Reality of thoſe Things we Teach. We may ſometimes take a Chearful Cup, but we muſt not drown our Reaſon. We may give Nature a Fillip, but not ſuch a knock as to make it ſtagger and reel. *Drunkenneſs* is a Sin attended with many Evils; it waſtes the Eſtate, ruines Health, weakens the Underſtanding, turns a Man into a Beaſt, renders him the Object of all Wiſe Mens Scorn and Contempt; and what is worſt of all, diſturbs his Conſcience as much as his Head. A *Drunkard* is fit for all manner of *Wickedneſs*, *Thefts*, *Rapes*, *Murders*, *Treaſons*: In his Cups he'll abuſe his beſt Friends, and be betray'd and ruin'd by his worſt Enemies. In ſhort, he's every thing that's Evil, and nothing that's Good. No, *Country-man*, if you have nothing elſe to do but to Drink this Evening, let us take a Walk in the Fields, take a view of the Glorious Creation, behold the Wonders of the Spring, and think of the promiſing Harveſt. Let us ſee how Nature hath Cloathed the Flowers with the Richeſt Attire, and hear how the Birds Praiſe their Creator in their Natural Notes.

Country-m. And yet, Maſter, all theſe things Drink. The Birds at the Brook, and the Flowers and Herbs of the Dews and Rain. They can Live without moiſture no more than *Roger*, your *Country-man*.

Obſ. But, *Roger*, there's a great deal of difference betwixt moiſtening of Clay by a due proportion of Liquor, and waſhing it away by Torrents and Inundations. Continual Rains drown the Flowers, the Herbs and Corn; 'tis the moderate and gentle Showes that produces Verdure, and makes every thing Fructify. Moderation is the beſt thing in every Caſe, 'tis beſt in *Humane Exerciſes*, 'tis beſt in *Politicks*, in *Religion*, in every thing.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, and ſo to be moderately *Wiſe*, moderately *Honeſt*, moderately *Brave*, moderately *Loyal*, are fine things, and ſeldom queſtion'd. And, Maſter, if you would ſpeak the *Truth* more moderately 'twould be better for you. Tho' I am for Drinking a Cup of *October*, yet I am not for being Drunk; and the Reaſon why I would have you Drink more and Speak and Write leſs, is out of pure Kindneſs, methinks I would not have you Stab your ſelf with your own Pen.

Obſ. I'll venture to ſpeak the *Truth* at any time. But, *Roger*, have a care of Drinking, 'tis dangerous. There's a *Parſon* in the Country has ſent his Man for a *Soldier*, becauſe he miſtook the *Ale-Tap* for the *Small-Beer*.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, that Fellow Cheated his Maſter. But I want *An Abſtract of this New Act for Manning the Navy, and Recruiting the Army*. A Body may have a Red Coat upon ones Back before one's aware on't, or be made a *Powder-Monkey*, for one does not know what. One *Juſtice* ſends away Folk for leaping over a *Gate*, another becauſe the Fellow lov'd *Strong-Beer* better than *Small*, and miſtook the *Tap*; at that rate all my Servants muſt go; for they have been given wonderfully to miſtake that way. And there's the *Commiſſioners* of the *Victualling-Office*, they have ſent ſome Fellows on Board Ship for Stealing of *Iron-Hoops*: Is that a Clauſe in the New Act?

Obſ. Get the Abſtract of the Act, and then you'll know.

Country-m. But, Maſter, I thought Stealing of *Iron-Hoops* had been *Felony*, and not to be Puniſhed after this manner. I know Perſons have been ſent into the Service for *Petty Larcenaries*, but it has been after they have been Caſt by their *Peers*; but to ſend 'em into the Service before, is paſſing Sentence without *Legal Conviction*. Now I would ha' had theſe Fellows ſent to *Newgate*, perhaps they would ha' Peach'd ſome bigger Fellows than themſelves in the Office, who wanted 'em to be out of the way becauſe they ſhould not do it.

Obſ. The Queen muſt have Men, but they muſt be Legally taken; and ſince the Paſſing of this New Act, we had never more need of *Honeſt Judicious Juſtices* of the *Peace*, on which Head I ſhall Diſcourſe in a ſhort time; at preſent let us have one Touch at the *Rehearſal*: What does he ſay?

Country-m. He ſays, *You are miſtaken in the Author of that Paper.*

Obſ. It may be ſo. But I am'nt miſtaken in the Deſign of the Paper, which is to run down the *Revolution* and the *Queens Right*. I won't enter the Liſts on that Head; perhaps 'tis not written by the *Nonjuring Prieſt Leſley*, but by his other Name *White, alias, alias*, for *Nonjurors* have

have as many Names as *Common Whores*; but let it be *White* or *Lesley*, if it be the same Person, 'tis the same thing, the change of the Name does not alter the Person.

Country-m. Master, he's very Angry that you are entered upon your Fifth Century of *Observators*, when his Poor Paper has not teach'd One.

Obs. That's neither his Fault nor mine; for my part I have Challeng'd all the *Scribblers* to lay down their Papers, and did design to show an Example by finishing mine with the Fourth Volume; but being under Prosecution I could not do it; for so I had given the Staff out of my own Hand, left my self expos'd to the *Lies* and *Forgeries* of *Scribblers*, and to the prejudice of some People, who, perhaps, think me Guilty of greater Crimes than really I am. I suppose no Wise Man will think that I keep the Paper Up for the sake of Profit, when it has ever been under Prosecution, and tho' every Paragraph in it has been written for the Interest of the *Government*, yet there have always been some one or other employ'd in the *Government* that has taken Care to put the *Observator* upon the Tenters. *He's a Saucy Fellow*, they say, *and ought not to Write*, nay, *the Fellow is not fit to Live*, who, when he sees a *Knaves* Hand in the *Queens* Pocket tells of it, and won't suffer every little Under-Puller in Offices to cut large Thongs out of the *Governments* Hide. Indeed, *Country-man*, mine has been not only an Invidious, but a very Uneasie Post, and if any Body will take it upon him and stand the Bears, I will willingly resign and thank him heartily; but must promise him before hand, that if he come in Fat he'll go out Lean, with no Money in his Purse, and hardly any Flesh on his Bones.

Country-m. Master, I would have you Write on, in four or five Years time you may Refund your self the Money that you have spent in one; but Mr. *Rehearsal* says, *You ought to Name the Gown-Man that Spew'd upon the Common-Prayer Book*, he won't believe any such thing.

Obs. Who ever considers the *Constitution* of *High-Church*, the *Vertues* of its *Clergy*, and the *Morality* of the *Faction*, will be ready enough to believe it. But to satisfie him, I saw the thing done my self by the Reader in *Stepney Church* when I belong'd to the *Academy* in that Place. And were it not *Blasphemy*, and unfit to be Printed, I could tell him a Saying of that Readers which I heard with my own Ears. The *Rehearsal* will carry the Point too far, and provoke me to say that of *High-Church* which will bring *her Low* enough in the Esteem of all Honest Men.

Country-m. Master, I think the Parish of *Stepney* is always troubled with Sorry Readers, and Inferiour Gown-Men. 'Twas but last *Sunday* a Poor Woman came to that *Church* to have her Child *Baptiz'd*, but she was so very Poor and Friendless, that she had no Money nor any Sureties or Godfathers, upon which the *Parson* refus'd to *Christen* the Child, (tho' by the way he did once *Christen* without Godfathers for the sake of one *Hot-Pot*.) This *Bacon-Headed Priest* (that look'd more like a *Cook* than a *Parson*, as the Honest *Midwife* told him) Rallied the Poor Woman, and call'd her *Beast*, &c. But the Contest was soon ended, some Gentlemen that were by stood for Godfathers, but I think the Poor Woman went Home without *Churching* for want of Money. Now, Master, where is the *Charity* of some *Priests?* And if we must Pay the *Church Labourer* I think we ought to Hire him we think will best do his Work.

Another thing he charges you with, is the Stories you Printed, he says *They were said by* Dissenters, *and you put 'em upon* High-Church; *particularly one thing that was said by a* Quaker *at* Pensilvania.

Obs. And so he would have me go to *Pensilvania* to disprove him, wou'd he? Has he got another *High-Church Arbitrary Government* in that Place? No sure, our Noble Patriots, the *Peers*, but the last Sessions spoil'd that Project, to the great Scandal of *High-Church*.

But we need not cross the Seas to prove the Falsety of this Turn, and that he wrongfully laid it on the *Quakers*; the *Quaker* could not mistake *Manchets* for *Mansions* in his Text, because the *Quakers* never speak from any particular Text of Scripture: He had better ha' plac'd it upon some other *Dissenters* who chuse Texts of Scripture, and raise Observations and Doctrines from them, which the *Quakers* never do. Did not I tell you he was grown a meer Nizy? You see his Evasions are so very Foolish that every Body can see thro' 'em. But this Author has particular *Enmity* against the *Quakers*, and at every turn takes the *Snakes* and *Vipers* out of his Grass and makes 'em fasten upon 'em.

The chief, nay, the only Argument of Mr. *Rehearsal* is, *You Lye, You Lye, this it the Sense and Oratory of the Faction.* If any thing galls 'em so that they are gravel'd, then presently 'tis *False*, meer *Fiction*, *Reproach* and *Calumny*. Who began to tell Stories and Reflect? Did not the *Rehearsal* upon Mr. *Burgess?* I gave him a Specimen in answer thereunto, a Sample of Stories. I have more of 'em in my Budget if he continues to Reflect; and whatever he may say as to the Truth of 'em, I began with such as for the most part I heard my self.

His Reflection on the *Dissenting Clergy*, *That People drop into a Conventicle as to the Play-House, and seldom fail to be entertain'd with the Pleasantry they expect*, is *Disingenious*, *Base* and *Barbarous*! 'Tis well known there are as able Preachers among the *Dissenters* as any in *England*; and I am sure the best and most Learned of the *Church of Englands Clergy* will give better Characters of them than the *Rehearsal*.

Country-m. Master, one can't drop into *High-Church* to see what Sport they make there; the *High-Flyers* have no *Churches* here, and therefore their Confessors, the *Nonjuring Clergy*, have taken all the Castles in the Air to Convert 'em into *Churches*, because they'll keep all the *Church-Pastime* to themselves; for none of us *Low-Flyers* can ever come at 'em.

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